

Come after the 25<sup>th</sup> May

a

Wednesday morning, June 11<sup>th</sup>. Settled down to usual New routine; glad enough to get back to quiet and superlative neatness, <sup>to</sup> less elegance than our Parisian quarters, but decidedly more comfort. The only thing that distresses us is, that we cannot translate dear Mrs. Brook bodily to Cambridge, Mass. Sure we would if she were younger; but the dear, old creature will now ere long be translated to a far better land. (An unpacked, which in interminableness is only second to packing up). Dr. G. went down to the Hooker's, (I saw Dr. Hooker; but Sir Wm & Miss Hooker were gone down into Devonshire); and in the afternoon we both went over to Clapham to see the Wards - stayed to tea, - got home after 10 o'clock. Mrs. Ward poorly; gave the Miss Wards a dozen pairs of French gloves.

Thursday was a real specimen of English drizzle & wet. I did not go out the whole day. Dr. G. worked at Hooker's as usual.

Friday, after writing & despatching letters home, we went up to London, shopped &c. in the city; streets nasty (the English word is very appropriate, - no wonder they always use it), and such a contrast to beautiful & gay Paris, which is vastly more convenient & agreeable for shopping. Went to the Bortts. Heard that the Lovells were last heard of from Amsterdam.

Saturday, got my <sup>lame</sup> ~~poor~~ stender feet at length into a pair of shoes, & went up to call on Lady Hooker, after a little stroll in the gardens, which were looking beautifully, the trees loaded with rich foliage, and the great masses of Rhododendrons in blossom.

In the evening Dr. G. & Dr. Hooker went together up to the

(last) Prince of Land Home, the President of the Royal Society, - too late to <sup>see</sup> Prince Albert, who came and went early. Saw the usual ones, Sir Charles Lyell asked if Dr. Gray had stayed abroad all the time since last year, or had just come over afresh. I stayed at home in bed with a horrid face-ache, caught, I think, from the exposure and the night of soaking in sea-water on board the boat from Dierppe, and the dampness & chilliness of London air.

Sunday. Stayed at home - face better, but stiff and tender. Dr. G. went to church at Mortlake, with Dr. Hooker. In the afternoon Hooker called, & Dr. G. then went to the Garden - were driven back in long by the rain.

Monday: we went up to town in the afternoon, called on some of Dr. Harvey's relatives there in London (a nice warm day); then wandered about the - no - it was the Laurences & Mrs. Russell Sturgis we want to call on that day. - for on our return from Paris we found a card of invitation to dinner from the Sturgis's - some time in May. Did not get in.

So united utility with elegance & bought a Borey Coffee-maker (bought a bottle of our Borey) (and an enchanting toasting-fork, which draws out like a telescope) - which Dr. Gray carried in his hand all the way to the Rail Road Station, - beside, a small lobster which he was tempted into in passing through St. James's market, - to the imminent hazard of losing the train, - which we only secured by a good run, & reached the train, just as it was on the very point of starting, - much to the edification,

I fancy, of Mrs. Boryea, of Kew, who was in the carriage we boarded into. He did not recognize us (as we had scarcely met) until we got out of the train, at Kew, when Dr. G. addressed him, and we walked across the bridge and the Green together. I carefully concealing the lobster under my arm (which I had taken from Dr. G. lest he should display it) - till it would now & then poke its red claws out of the paper wrapper. We sat down to dinner at once, and had hardly begun, when we were startled by a ring from a footman in livery, who brought an invitation from the Boryeas, to dinner on the next Thursday.

Tuesday was enlivened by the usual weekly budget of letters from home; after dinner we had a charming ~~walk~~ walk along the river-shore & across the pleasure-ground.

Wednesday: we were off early in the morning, to make our first visit to the Great Exhibition. We went up to town by Rail Road as usual, - walked over Waterloo bridge, and having reached the Strand, had the satisfaction of seeing nine omnibuses pass westward - all full. Despairing of all hope of getting into an omnibus, we were just turning to look for a cab, when a well-dressed & respectable woman, who had been making similar unsuccessful attempts, rushed up to us, & inquiring, "Oh, are you going to the Exhibition? Will you not take a cab with me? I have been trying for an omnibus in vain this half hour, and I have made an appointment with some friends there at 1/2 past 10." We agreed at

once to this remarkable and very convenient proposition, and we shared the expense accordingly, with many expressions of thanks on the ladies' part. Before we had reached within half a mile of the Crystal Palace we were obliged to fall into dense line, with a close double file of Cabs, Carriages, Dog-carts, and other "vehicular conveyances", ~~a sort~~ all wending their way thither, a similar double file of empty carriages returning on the other side of the street, - the side-walks as well as the roads inside the park all crowded with pedestrians. Early as we were, a vast <sup>number of people</sup> ~~crowd~~ were already there, but scattered through the vast interior, they scarcely made a crowd, until mid-day, when the more attractive parts of the structure - the principal streets and squares, so to say, were thronged.

As to what we saw, is it not written at length in the great official catalogue (as far as that ponderous document is yet published), besides the abridged catalogue, in itself quite a readable book, - which we meant to bring home - with the synopsis, & other things - quite a library, - and I dare say you have read & read quite enough about it. (I doubt whether you have seen the ~~the~~ excellent and spirited series of articles in the Times - beginning long before the building was finished, which give a most admirable and lively account of every thing.)

The general impression of the interior was not quite so imposing, did not give such an idea of vastness, as when we saw it in April, less full, & the long spaces un-  
broken.

On our way down the river, we stopped for a moment to see ~~the~~ the Kosh-i-nov. - but the mountain of light, looked to us little brighter than a piece of cut-glass. It does not come up to the general expectation. Manage it as they will, it does <sup>not</sup> shine at all wonderfully, - & the people got it into their heads that the authorities were shamming them with a glass imitation instead of the veritable Kosh-i-nov, - an idea well expressed by Punch, who called it "the Knave of Diamond." We determined to show our patriotism by going first of all carefully through the American department, - and quite a trial to our patriotism it is, - a great space, very scantily filled with an ill assorted, incongruous collection (although they have given up to Russia & France about one quarter of the space, that Mr. Laurance asked for and insisted upon having): - one long shelf displayed only half a dozen common wooden pails; another side was decorated with a miserable collection of cast-off specimens of autumn-leaves, - and below with a case containing 5 or 6 dozen bottles of prepared Niagrenia all just alike. - flanked at the sides, with a similar collection of Old Lach Townsend's Sassa-parilla, surmounted by a portrait of the illustrious inventor. The strength of the nation has gone to Jacquard types, of which there are about 2000 - very good specimens of the art, it must be said. <sup>far</sup> better than they can produce in England. The same may be said of many things, intricate in the numbers, - but of which they have filled up their space, or attempted to fill it, with an enormous number of specimens, where one or two would suffice. But wherever

any thing is quite poor and commonplace, the exhibit too is sure to make it up in brag, - in which it must be confessed we do "beat all creation". (Loquiter & Lane, non A.G.) The great difficulty is that so large a part of our exhibition has fallen into the hands of third-rate people and merchants, and many most ill-chosen articles are sent. There has evidently been no system, and scarcely any control. It would have been better if Mr. Lawrence, instead of asking for more space than was originally allotted, had used his influence with the government at home, and with the leading Boston & New York men, and have secured a more complete and more select representation of American products.

Thursday. Warm day. Stayed home and sewed. At half past six went to the Bonyheases to dine. - Mr. & Mrs. Bonyhase, with her mother & an unmarried sister Miss Vansittart, who had travelled in the U.S. recently, and had been very kindly received (as a casual acquaintance) by Mrs. Mrs. R. May, in New York. - after whom & Miss Gray she inquired with much interest. Mr. Bonyhase (brother of the one Dr. Gray was so much pleased with at Oxford - one of the tutors at Christ Church) - is a funny man - quite a striking and patient character, - witty in manner, but with a vast deal of information and good sense at bottom. He is a <sup>London</sup> barrister.

Friday. My car came home and we dined at 3 o'clock, & were just going up to London, when Lady Harker & Miss Harker called in a carriage - took us in, and drove us as far as Kew - bridge - we walked over, took train, called on Mrs. St. Harry (of bank) & the Miss Dims - then up in London - they were out - then went shopping about streets at West End - but found Mr. S. - till 9 o'clock - & returned by 9 1/4 train to Kew again, quite fatigued as usual. Don't imagine this an evening business, for it was

still bright day-light, or barely twilight, when we reached Kew at 10 o'clock.

Saturday - a very warm day. Stayed home - received call of Mrs. Bonyhase - at 7 went to dine at the Hooker's to meet Mrs. Huslow and Miss Huslow - the latter for the last time, as she returned Monday to Hitcham, where she remains till she is married - on the 15<sup>th</sup> inst. - then on to a town, & will not be at Kew until after we finally leave it. A pleasant time, as usual.

Sunday morning we were off before in the morning to Vauxhall by Railway - there cab to the Ward at Clapham - Mrs. W. having very particularly desired us to come for a day or so before she went down to Mayate, where she was to go Tuesday - to stay a good part of the summer - the sea air agreeing with her very much. We went over in time to go to church with them in the morning, then Dr. G. walked over fields to Norwood - In afternoon Dr. Ward's <sup>wife</sup> & Mr. St. that. The next morning, vi.

Monday we took our bag & walked to Vauxhall Station. left bag; ~~took a~~ walked over Vauxhall bridge - and by a set of our riches got to the top of Regent's Park to the Zoological Gardens - very extensive, in fine keeping - the richest collection of <sup>land</sup> animals of all sorts in the world. Were very much amused with Monkeys of all sorts & sizes, from those little larger than a rat to the great & sedate Orang outang just arrived, who ~~was~~ is quite a human & a very respectable grave old fellow. - We saw the Hippopotamus too, but he lay sleeping in the pen, and would show no signs, when he occasionally opened his eye and giving a wink. But one of the most amusing sights was the little suckling elephant, with its mother, and it was curious to see ~~that~~ the little

thing use its trunk as perfectly & knowingly as its mother.  
Particulars of all the beasts I defer till I have a  
chance to write a letter about them to Pat & Charlie,  
and the other young folk. I got fatigued  
enough, & I wanted to see ferocious animals fed at  
4½ - no great sight, as they behaved extremely proper,  
and then we hurried back to the Station & came home  
to Kew.

Tuesday came the letters from home acknowledged last  
week. In the afternoon Mrs. & Miss Miles & Sir Wm. Elliot  
Stoker called - all at the same time - our little room well  
filled.

Wednesday went up to town, late in the morning, called at  
the Laurencis (not at home), then on the Sturges<sup>o</sup> (ditto), who  
had sent us invitations for the Saturday evening previous - then  
on the Booth's - thence took a cab ~~to~~ to Westminster,  
had another good view of the Abbey, & at 5 o'clock, went  
to the House of Lords, for which Mr. Laurence had written  
for us to the Alder of the Black Rod. We were lucky on the  
whole - though there was not much done, yet some legal  
questions brought up Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Campbell - Lord  
Brougham of course (he spoke 3 or 4 times); also we heard  
the Marquis of Lansdowne - the leader of the administration in that  
house, Lord Blairmore - a few words from Lord Stanley & Lord  
Allenborough. - I saw Duke of Wellington, Cambridge - Argyll  
<sup>the party a</sup> handsome & very young looking man - & Lord Carlisle - whom I  
knew at once from his portraits in Banch. - He is extremely ungraciously  
& hardly, but with a most good natured countenance. -  
I was much disappointed in their appearance as an aristocratic  
assemblage; many of them were any thing but lovely in looks. But their  
manners towards each other were pleasant & very gentlemanly - & their  
whole bearing ~~seemingly~~ not easy, like a familiar party of old  
friends. We came away in the midst of a long Report on a bill  
by the Lord Chancellor, - a little old man looking like an old  
woman - to whom even his full-bottom wig could impart no air of  
dignity - ) and were home at Kew before it was fairly dark. X